

NEW YORK MIRROR

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NEW SERIES, Volume VIII.
Whole No. 208.

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At the Theatres.



Lear is one of the few Shakespearean characters to assume which John McCullough is forced to subdue his robust personality. We never saw him do this so successfully as on Monday evening, when his representation of the flighty old monarch was witnessed with pleasure by a good-sized house. The tragedian has made a careful study of the part, and he acts it remarkably well. But he is not so good a Lear as Booth, who in turn is inferior in the rôle to Rossi. The last-named actor perfectly embodied the servile king, subtly graduating his strength and energy through the varying situations of the play, sinking from the strong-willed father in the opening act to the tottering wreck in the last act by almost imperceptible methods. McCullough and Booth both lack this extreme delicacy in treating the character. Booth is greater than McCullough in the mad scene; McCullough towers above Booth when delivering the curse. Indeed, McCullough's work throughout is effective and conscientious. Lear will never be a favorite among his admirers, however, because the concealment of his physical beauty removes a very essential charm.

The company was, as usual, thoroughly satisfactory. Miss Forsyth made an exquisite Cordelia, winning generous applause. Edmund Collier's Edgar was a creditable piece of acting, and Frank Lane did Edmund exceedingly well. H. A. Langdon's Kent and Frank Little's Fool are deserving of complimentary notice. Mrs. Augusta Foster played Goneril finely. Miss Mittens Willett made a satisfactory Regan. The mounting was passable.

Brutus, or, The Fall of Tarquin, was acted last night. This evening Mr. McCullough will appear, for the first time in New York we believe, as Hamlet. We do not expect a representation from the tragedian at all suited to the prevailing idea of the way the character ought to be looked and played; but the experiment will be interesting and perhaps pleasantly disappointing. Friday, Othello; Saturday afternoon, Ingomar, and Saturday night—the close of the McCullough season—Damon and Pythias. On Monday Robson and Crane appear in Forbidden Fruit. Stuart plays Cato Dove and William Sergeant Buster.

The Queen's Shilling was produced Monday night at Wallack's, and it made a decidedly favorable impression. The comedy is, in all respects, cleverer than The Parvenu by the same author, Mr. Godfrey. The story is prettily told and affords scope for some very neat acting. Miss Coghlan as Kate, Mr. Herbert as Esmonde, Mr. Flockton as the Colonel, and William Elton as the Colonel's body-servant, were all very good. Herbert Kecey's Sabretache and Mme. Ponie's Mrs. Ironsides were also excellent. The scenery by Mazzanovich is capital. The Queen's Shilling ought to draw, as all bright, well-acted plays should.

M. B. Curtis returned to the Fourteenth Street Theatre Monday—the scene of his best metropolitan exploits. Sam'l of Posen has lost nothing of attractiveness and its fun is as fresh as ever. Curtis as the Drummer has not crystallized, nor does she, on account of long association, take liberties with his part. The audience laughed at all the proper points. Sam'l has reason to be thankful for a popularity that will permit his visiting New York in a professional capacity with more frequency than is usually the case with traveling companies.

The company has been changed in some instances. Harry Eytling is the Mr. Winslow, Rodney Keenan the Jack and Harry Strathmore the Bad Actor. Albina de Mer's acting as Mlle. Celeste is as intense as ever, and Charles Rosene and Davenport Bebus are very capable in the parts of Con and Kilday. The other members of the cast render their parts capably.

The dramatic fizz, Lotta, put in an appearance at the Grand Opera House Monday, where there's plenty of room to romp and play for the amusement of large audiences. Zip was the bill and the star created the full measure of amusement to which we are accustomed whenever she appears. Lotta is in many respects a marvel. She is not young. She has no real acting talent to speak of. She has a poor apology for a voice. But her personal magnetism is so great, her effervescence so genuine and her earnestness so pronounced, that these defects are lost sight of. The unanimous critic is literally come down upon her quill and throw up. Fred Marsden, by fitting Lotta with a written for the sole purpose of giving her a full play, has contributed to the lady's professional longevity.

Edmond is missed from the company.

His original part, the Italian Galletto, is not well done by Ralph Delmore. C. H. Bradshaw is a capital Philosopher Jack. Mrs. Boniface was worse than usual as Mrs. Elton. Lulu Jordan as Amanda Lovelace, and Fred Percy as Anthony Weltomont, were the other people in the piece deserving of a good word.

Tony Pastor is getting in some fine work now-a-days. His bill this week is brimful of amusing and clever features. The applause is generous, the receipts ditto, Tony himself ditto, and THE MIRROR is happy to record the continued success of this entertainment, which, like De Belville (in Iolanthe), is "very great and very good."

Undaunted by provincial raiders, the San Francisco Minstrels continue to give their clever show, with the Jersey Lily as their chief attraction. This one doesn't quarrel with her intimates, but is on good terms with everybody—the public included.

The Electric Spark continues the attraction at the Alcazar, and for an exhibition of its class meets with more than an ordinary share of approval. Jennie Yeamans, Amy Lee and Frank Daniels divide the applause.

Fr. Gallmeyer, Herr Knaack and Herr Tewele appeared together on Monday night, and the brilliance of this combination served to attract a great crowd of spectators. The farces, Too Quick a Hand, A Society Sister, and Noble Visitors, were acted, and the trio of comedians kept the house in a continuous roar of laughter throughout the entire evening.

There was a fair audience at the Academy on Thanksgiving afternoon, and a large one at night, when Barry and Fay, under S. M. Hickey's management, appeared in Irish Aristocracy. The comedians and the piece made an undoubted hit. Shouts of laughter attended the piece from the first to the fourth and last act. The piece is Muldoon's Picnic, written over and embellished by Will Carleton, the author of "Betsy and I are Out" and the "Farm Ballads." It is superior to any of its class we have seen. While the rough fun divided between the chief characters is preserved, the scenes participated in by others are refined in speech and action. The plot—if that word may be suited to fit the occasion of its use—is all about the blunders and mistakes of two Irishmen, Muldoon and Mulcahy, who are set by the ears by a practical joker who creates a laughable series of misunderstandings that lead to several highly farcical complications. By the aid of a young lawyer the coil is unravelled, peace restored where discord reigned, and the right girls given in marriage to the right men. In illustrating these episodes the team of comedians proved very entertaining. Barry, as Mulcahy, and Fay, as Muldoon, are capital. As representatives of *parvenu* "flannel-mouths" they are simply inimitable. Barry sustains an amusing drunken scene throughout a whole act, ably seconded by his partner. They made themselves immediate favorites. John T. Sullivan made a capital Irish greenhorn, sharing to a certain extent the favor so liberally bestowed upon the stars. Thomas Seabrooke played Mandamus capitally. It is a colorless part and he deserves credit for making it effective. The remaining members of the cast were in every respect satisfactory, contributing considerably to the amusement derived from the performance.

Having slipped into town almost unheralded made a success and slipped out again, we may now expect the return of Barry and Fay at no distant time. Their performance is sure to draw.

The Rankins opened a fortnight's engagement Monday night, at Niblo's, in '49, to a small house. As Carrots, Kitty Blanchard is undeniably clever. While she has not the mischievousness of Lotta or the effervescence of Maggie Mitchell, she nevertheless is a capital representative of the mountain-girl drama, and the romping part she plays in '49 gives her more than an ordinary opportunity to display her peculiar qualifications. Just how much her success is due to the author it would be difficult to determine. Of Rankin, as the old miner, we have nothing much to add to what we said on his first appearance in the part some time ago. It is Sandy McGee more heavily grained, slightly lacking in robustness, given to tedious platitudes, stupid in the comedy passages and hard in the pathetic portions. There is no delicacy in Rankin's acting. His points are not made by legitimate means, but by transparent trick and device. The breezy zest and manliness which attracted favorable attention to his work when he first aspired to the altitude of a star have taken wings, leaving him but a coarse-grained bungler, fumbling with a noble art. The company supporting the Rankins is very good, all things considered. There are one or two weak spots in it, but those spots sink into insignificance beside the weakness of the male star. "A Relic of Bygone Days" will be presented until Monday week, when Sam Colville's Taken From Life company begin a short engagement. The melodrama, it is said, receives splendid treatment in the hands of this organization, which includes the original London Philip Radley.

The failure of this piece at Wallack's in September Mr. Colville ascribes to inefficient presentation, and he intends, if possible, to revoke the verdict by booming the production extensively and demonstrating its excellence by a powerful cast. He has a hard job to perform; but we wish him success with it.

The Elks charity benefit comes off to-day at the Grand Opera House. The Madison Square company in Young Mrs. Winthrop, Clara Morris, Tony Pastor's company, the veteran Edmon S. Conner, Lotta, Harrigan and Hart, and the Vokes are among a few of the features set down on the remarkably attractive bill.

Ada Dyas began a week's engagement Monday at the Mount Morris Theatre in Harlem, appearing in An Unequal Match. Her performance of the character of Hester is really charming, possessing the varied elements of simplicity, emotional power, light comedy and coquettishness. The healthy impersonation was doubly delightful after the weak, colorless acting of the same part by the professional beauty lately among us. Miss Dyas is a most finished artist, the legitimacy of whose work commends itself to every lover of the stage. She is handsome, and a mistress of the art of dressing as well, and her starring tour is meeting with gratifying success. Already the original ten weeks laid out for the season have been exceeded, and there is every reason, providing good dates continue to offer, to suppose she will go on playing until Summer. That will lay a good foundation for the systematic plans she has made for a tour next season. Miss Dyas' company render her efficient support. The latter half of the week London Assurance will be acted.

The Consolidation of Haverly's and Callender's Colored Minstrels is one of the titles of the organization that is entertaining downtown East-siders this week. These "Fifty Colored Celebrities—All Famous Africans" give a minstrel performance of more than usual excellence. The first part is by far the best feature, and introduces a chorus of dusky maidens. Wallace King, the "colored Campanini," has a very pleasing tenor voice. There is a good male sextette, and altogether the first part is as fine a vocal performance in minstrelsy as we have listened to in some time. Big-mouthed Billy Kersands and Bob Mack had all the fat in the fun-making. Both are prime favorites with the down-towners; but neither presented anything new. The house was crowded in every tier, and below stairs the vacant seats were few. The Windsor, in fact, is having an unusually prosperous season.

McSorley's Inflation has caught tenaciously on, drawing crowds to every performance at the Comique. Harrigan and Hart have our sincere congratulations.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable dicta of the critics, Iolanthe at the Standard is drawing full houses, and seats are selling far in advance. The management claim that last week's receipts amounted to \$10,000, which we believe is not an exaggerated figure, as the theatre was crowded every night at the increased scale of prices. We hear much fault found with Charles Harris' drill system, which reduces the chorus to the level of automatons. Uniform movement is amusing only when it is absurd. It ceases to be absurd when we are given too much of it. A lot of men and women waving their arms, lobbing their heads or shaking their legs in unison is not a particularly edifying spectacle, nor is it consonant with sensible ideas of what constitutes humor. Mr. Harris robs his choruses of picturesqueness by turning them into an awkward squad going through the grotesque mechanical movements we are accustomed to contemplate on the parade ground at West Point. Realism, beauty and nature are all sacrificed at the Standard to Mr. Harris' fat-witted notions.

Duff is advertising Our English Friend on the My Sweetheart plan. "Just the piece for the holiday season," "Makes old and young laugh," "Enjoyed by both sexes," "Suits every taste," and "Entirely inoffensive," are a few of the claptrap lines culled from the old gentleman's announcement. Humph! It doesn't suit our taste, chiefly because it is thoroughly, yea, idiotically "inoffensive." As the accomplished critic of the Chesterfieldian Clipper would elegantly note—"Biz is bad."

The Lights o' London is drawing well this its last week at Booth's. On Monday Modjeska makes her first appearance here as Rosalind, supported by the excellent combination now on the road.

This is the third month of Young Mrs. Winthrop. No more is to be said.

The chaste beauties of The Rantzaus at the Union Square are being appreciated by the public, who find in its pastoral story and subdued acting a grateful relief from the trash with which they have been more than usually submerged this season. On several nights the "Standing Room Only" sign has been exposed. We hope to see the patronage that was

not vouchsafed to the greatest play of modern times, Daniel Rochat, continue to be bestowed upon Mr. Palmer's charming current attraction.

The Musical Mirror.



The Italian opera, this season, is a really paying concern. Of course the Patti nights are always crowded; but then Patti pockets the profits principally, and therefore, if the unpattied nights, were, as off nights commonly are, N. G. S. (no great shakes), Patti's manager would be in a hole. But we are glad to say that the off nights of Patti are not by any means bad; really there are enough folks to be found who love music for its own sake, and not as a rare show, to give a very decent margin of profit, and thus enable the doughty Colonel to pay his legions and have something left over.

Iolanthe drags on its weary way at the Standard Theatre to good houses, for which the management may thank its gorgeous and elaborate setting and the witty text of Gilbert, which, although too brashly cockney to be heartily understood here, is yet so bright and funny as to be welcome for its very absurdities. Sullivan once told the writer that he usually dug into the ballet music of The Tempest, composed by him for Drury Lane Theatre in the years gone by, whenever he wanted an inspiration. We muchly fear that The Tempest has blown itself out and the fount is dry. No one is a more thorough admirer of Arthur Sullivan's work than THE MIRROR; but the greatest geniuses have their moments of weakness. There is an ebb as well as a flood in the "tide in the affairs of men," and it was most certainly dead low water with Sullivan when he composed—yes, composed is the word—for Iolanthe was made, not begotten. It was painfully put together, piece by piece, like a Venetian mosaic; not evolved from the inner consciousness of its author, like the Pirates or Patience. The indiscriminating admiration of those who praise everything a master does, merely because it is done by the master, and in no wise because of its inherent merit, is an insult, not a tribute, and we will not insult Arthur Sullivan, the foremost creative musician of the foremost race of the world, no matter on which side of the ocean-ferry its habitat may be, by adulating his only failure. He who says that the music of Iolanthe is pleasing or appropriate to the spirit of the text, is simply an ass or a dishonest critic; for the credit of the guild, we will assume the first. We see by our Philadelphia correspondent that the Quaker City is charmed with the music. Well, it is nothing new for Philadelphia to err in judgment—it's a way she has. No doubt many companies will go on the road with Iolanthe and "get left," for the stuff is not in it. Splendor of scene, crowds of chorus, and boom of band may give a factitious success in town; but wait till it gets into the provinces, with curtailed effect and diminished sheen, and then we shall see what its true powers of attraction really are. Even though some unworthy members of the press-gang may be cajoled into praising this most weak production of a mind generally strong, there can be but one fate for it—and that fate is failure.

The Sorcerer continues to weave his charms round the musical public. Little Miss Lucette has very pleasantly filled Lillian Russell's place during that lady's illness. Miss Lucette is a pretty woman, with a well-trained but somewhat colorless voice. She lacks the voluptuous warmth of the favorite of the clubs; but she is very nice and eminently acceptable. The only Howson carries the piece as ever. "None save himself can be his parallel."

The best thing in The Rantzaus is the "Kyrie Eleison," as sung by Mr. Parselle in the part of the old schoolmaster. It is the funniest idea possible. The old man sings four bars as solo, then repeats in chorus, and then, as if he was striking into a new movement, quietly begins all over again with a satisfied air, as if he had done something wonderful. Mr. Parselle's bland face is a study as he carols his innocent way.

Our day of going to press prevents a notice of Gounod's oratorio, The Redemption, which will receive due attention in our next issue.

—Manager Palmer says, and says truly, that the lessees of theatres should not be made to alter their buildings; but the owners themselves ought to make whatever improvements the authorities may order.

The Actor's Friend.

There is a parasitic animal that attaches itself to actors just as other parasites burrow themselves into oxen, or bore their way into shellfish, or infest the congenial places of the human body. The parasite under our scalpel we shall call The Actor's Friend.

He is easy to be distinguished from other species of parasites, because he affects an outward similarity to the object of his devotion. He dresses like an actor. He talks theatrical slang and slip-slop. He quotes the legitimate dramatic authors, generally incorrectly. One would really think, to hear him talk, that he had inhaled the smoke of the footlights from his youth up. But he hasn't. No one "native and to the manner born" ever makes an outward show of his profession. Your true soldier eschews his regimentals except when forced to wear them; he leaves all that to the toy soldier. Your real sailor-man never "shivers his timbers" nor "d—s his tarry topknots;" he leaves all that to mess stewards and lob-lolly boys, and his brass buttons are an abomination in his eyes, never to be endured save on board ship. Your counsel "learned in the law" would rather tell naughty stories than discuss knotty points of evidence when out of court; and your parson, if he be a legitimate cleric and not a self-dubbed reverend of some iconoclastic sect, is notoriously the last man in the world to talk shop.

So, when you meet a fellow who has his mouth full of green-room gossip, side-wing scandal, and dressing-room dribbles of small theatrical happenings; who calls actresses and actors alike by their surnames, and remembers all the dramatic events for several seasons past, you may be sure that he is the ivy, not the oak; the moss, not the cypress; the vine, not the chestnut. He is near the drama, not of it. He drinks not at the precious fount with Shakespeare, Molière or Goethe; but drinks at the bar with Charley Beverleigh, *née* Stubbs, or Randolph Percival, *née* O'Shaughnessy. To him Hamlet has no significance save as the vehicle by which Charley Beverleigh aforesaid may be carried on his road to the temple of fame, attended by his trusty henchman and loyal admirer. The artist in *progratia persona*, not the art, is the goal of his affectionate endeavor. He hardly ever sits a play through. He could not spare the precious time which he devotes more agreeably to himself to talking about the actors. The time of the Actor's Friend's perihelion is when the curtain has fallen, the grease-paint is wiped off, the toga dropped and the sacque donned; when the beretta gives place to the derby, the buskin to the gaiter-boot, and the actor, elated with public applause and hungry for private flattery and oysters, thirsty for adulation and beer, sallies from the stage door and joins the satellite who awaits him.

Then is the hour of triumph—Hamlet and Horatio! Star and starlet, they walk together in a bifid track as the Earth and the Moon. The star pursues his onward course in unswerving majesty; the satellite follows the same orbit, but with a double motion onward, yet circling the star that controls its course. The parasite feeds on the plant or animal to which it attaches itself. The Actor's Friend feeds on the droppings of wisdom and the crumbs of wit that fall from the rich man's table; but the last-named parasite is more generous than the first, inasmuch as he pays for the oysters and puts up for the beer for his principal and bleeds him only mentally. The Actor's Friend, when a very small boy, was taken violently with the *cacoethes ludendi* and used to brandish a tin sword and spout scraps of melodrama to the admiration of all the little pickles of his neighborhood, and to the detriment of his shoe-leather, too quickly worn out by dint of shuffling and stamping. Strange as it may seem, the Actor's Friend seldom takes to the stage as a profession; either he is scared by the amount of solid hard work that he sees his ideals forced to go through, and which would by no means agree with the lettered ease in which he loves to pass his time, or else he is in the case of the unclean old Frenchman who, being asked why he did not take a bath, replied, "*Mon Dieu! I never thought of that.*"

The Actor's Friend is not stage-struck. He is a hero-worshipper; he must adore something, and an actor in all his glory being the most resplendent object in his field of vision, he adores him even as a savage worships the sun on account of his effulgence. There is a time when the Actor's Friend is really useful. When the clouds gather darkly around the domestic horizon; when the husband has been carrying the satchel of some fascinating sourette on the road, or the wife has been too carefully tended by the manager; when domestic broils are rife and divorce imminent—then the Actor's Friend, like a ministering angel, steps in and pours oil on the troubled waters, or on the smouldering fires, as the case may be, and either mends or mars the situation.

When Mr. Northern quarrelled with the wife who had stuck to his misfortunes in his days of poverty, but whom he wished to get rid of in his prosperity, who so convenient a friend as the Chevalier Whyough? When Dennis O'Boozygo wants to get clear of his Colleen Bawn, who so ready to play Danny Mann as the aforesaid gallant Chevalier, whom we take to be the type and example of the Actor's Friend?

The Actor's Friend has his uses and abuses, like everything else on this globe, and though we cannot well respect him, we should "be to his virtues ever kind, and to his faults a little blind."

Pen and Pencil.



The monumental failure of Iolanthe seems to have scared the old first-nighters away from the theatres. Since the beginning of that disappointment on Saturday week the old guard have forsaken their post, leaving it open to a rude, uncultured crowd who aren't afraid to clap their hands when they're pleased with an actor's work, and who don't invariably make for the lobby in the *entr'actes* to smoke cigarettes and religiously damn the play, the playwright, the manager and his production. At the first performance of The Rantaus last week the first-nighters were conspicuously absent, and it was much the same at Wallack's Monday evening when Godfrey's comedy, The Queen's Shilling, was introduced to New York. The audience was not numerous, I regret to say; but it made up in appreciative qualities what it lacked in size. Whenever there was anything worth applauding the people in front applauded vigorously. The noise frightened the ushers, who had grown unaccustomed to it during the Lily's four weeks' stay.

I believe my readers have learned a good deal about The Queen's Shilling through previous issues of THE MIRROR. They know that it was taken from another piece called The Lancers, which was played here at Wallack's some years ago, with Charles Wyndham in the cast. Tom Maguire also did it in San Francisco, and James O'Neill made a hit in the part



of the young hero. The Lancers was taken from a French play called Le Fils de Famille, by an English officer and M. P. named Vernon. It was first performed at the Princess' in London in 1853, where the principal parts were taken by Messrs. Ryder, Fisher, Mellon, Meadows and Everett, and Carlotta Leclerc, Mrs. Winstanley and Mrs. Lacy. While the Lancers was an almost literal translation of the French original, The Queen's Shilling is more of an adaptation, since the *locale* has been changed to an English town and the characters correspondingly Anglicized. Godfrey's labors on it have not been stupendous, and I cannot say he has much improved on the other, which is a delicious little play.

The "Queen's Shilling" is the coin given an English army recruit to bind his enlistment. Frank Esmonde (William Herbert), having quarrelled with his stern paternal parent, has become a trooper in the 17th Lancers, who are quartered at Marfield, a quiet English town. They are in the habit of drinking at the Chequers Inn, kept by a buxom widow, Jennie Doe (Effie Germon). To this inn comes pretty Kate Greville (Rose Coghlan), the daughter of a country squire who dwells at Dingley Grange. She is in distress, having been thrown from her horse while riding nearby, and begs Jennie for a change of clothes, as her habit is bedraggled with dirt and mud. After she has donned the calico loaned her by the landlady, she encounters some of the Lancers,



who take her for a bar-maid and boisterously attempt to kiss her. Kate of course resents this, though she has brought it on herself by her masquerading, and Esmonde dashes in and poses as her protector. The trim figure of the young woman captivates him, and she is not displeased with the handsome face

and gentle manners of the young officer. Just as the Lancers are going off to dress parade a young artist, Jack Gambier (J. C. Buckstone), who is visiting at Dingley Grange, makes his appearance, and in Esmonde recognizes an old friend. Gambier proposes to take the latter to a ball to be given that night at the Grange. On his offering a dress-suit Esmonde consents to go for the lark of the thing, and in the chance of encountering the bar-maid, who he believed was a domestic employed about the Squire's premises. The conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Sergeant Sabretache (Herbert Kelcey) and a squad, who arrest him for absence from parade. This ends the first act. The second is laid in the drawing-room of Dingley Grange, where the audience is introduced to Kate in her proper dress and among her proper surroundings. They also make the acquaintance of Mrs. Ironsides (Mme. Ponisi), who is as stern and forbidding as the old ship from the mast of which the boy in the poem leaped one day in the harbor of Mahon. Mrs. Ironsides is



the sister of Colonel Daunt (Charles Flockton), who commands the 17th, and who is notorious for his strictness in disciplining the men beneath him. Mrs. Ironsides is equally rigid in this respect. She prefers oaths to poetry, wears semi-military dresses and a turban, and altogether reminds one of Mrs. Major O'Dowd in Vanity Fair. By and bye Esmonde, under the assumed name of Vane, and Gambier arrive. Kate and the former are not sure of the identity of the other, and for a time they conceal their curiosity from one another. The Colonel is a guest also at the ball; but having but two days before taken command of the 17th, he does not know Esmonde. A very amusing *contretemps* takes place at a piano in this act. The Colonel and Esmonde—accompanied by Kate—start to sing a duet, and on account of a little difference in the matter of time come to grief. The Colonel, while paying his addresses to Kate, meets an obstacle in the arm, and when Kate hears the news she faints.

The last act takes place in the office of the Colonel, at the Marfield barracks. Esmonde (who had, by connivance of Sabretache, been able to absent himself from the guard-house and attend the festivity at the Grange) is brought before the commander of the Lancers for examination. The old chap thinks he recognizes his rival of the night before in the trooper. The youngster averts his face and pretends he's drunk. The Colonel to make sure of his identity squeezes



the right arm of the soldier which was wounded by his sword the night before. Esmonde does not wince and he is taken off. But Sam Pitcher (William Elton), attached to the Colonel in the capacity of body-servant, gives away the trooper in order to save Jennie Don, whom he intends to marry, from the disgrace of a confession she has made to keep the masquerading young man from the punishment certain to follow his conviction for the offense of escaping guard. Things look dark for him, but the Colonel turns generous at the last moment, and at the solicitation of Kate relieves Esmonde from punishment and grants him a discharge from the regiment. This leaves him free to make Kate happy, and brings the play to a happy termination.

The language is fluent, if not brilliant. The story is told clearly and without superfluous talk. It is quiet all the way through; but affords some capital opportunities for good acting. The audience enjoyed the piece thoroughly and stamped it with hearty approval. The cast was admirable and the performance ran smoothly after the month of

rehearsals afforded the company by their tour through the East, Flockton, or "Flocky," as he is familiarly dubbed, made the hit of the piece by his capital character acting as the



Colonel. It is an artistic piece of work and shows how valuable the actor may become to Lester Wallack. Billy Elton has a small part in Sam Pitcher; but he made much of it, and managed to extract a good deal of neat fun from it. Herbert Kelcey was likewise obscured as Sabretache. He is a gentleman, and therefore could not bring out the roughness of the character. He did his best, though. Buckstone was not oppressed with a heavy part either, but he was quietly pleasing as the young artist. William Herbert got a call for some really clever acting toward the end of the play. Indeed, he almost redeemed his previous short-comings by his careful and discriminate efforts. I am glad it is still possible the young man may turn out all right after all.

Rose Coghlan was most charming as Kate. She was at her best in the second act. Rose should certainly beg Mr. Wallack (and Herbert ought to join in the prayer) to cut out the serious part of the duet at the piano. For neither Rose nor Herbert can sing. She looked most lovely in her ball dress, which was, cut and trimmed like that worn by the Lily when she sat for one of her best photos. The similarity of costume gave an opportunity of comparing the beauty of the two women. I must confess my preference for



Wallack's leading lady, and I think every impartial judge will cast his vote for the same candidate. Madame Ponisi gave a richly humorous impersonation of the female martinet, Mrs. Ironsides. Effie Germon was in her element as Jennie, and her scenes with Billy Elton went like *MIRRORED* on Thursday mornings.

The scenery was fine of course. Somebody—Theodore Moss would do, for he tips the scales at two hundred at least—should sit on the vocalist who sings the Lancers' song in Act One. He means well; but—

THE STORY OF VERA.

Oscar Wilde's new tragedy, Vera Sabouroff, in which Marie Prescott proposes to star next season, is, as its name implies, a story of Russia. The time is the close of the last and the beginning of the present century.

Nihilism supplies the *motif*, and the principal personage is Vera Sabouroff, whose magnificent enthusiasm and transcendent courage and talents have made her the acknowledged leader of the Nihilist movement. Round her are grouped a number of personages more or less important, from the Czar downward. Peter Sabouroff, his daughter Vera, and her peasant-lover, Michael, are surprised by a visit from some Russian soldiers on their way to Siberia with a gang of Nihilists, among whom, though he tries to conceal himself, is discovered the landlord's son and Vera's brother, Dimitri. Lashed into fury by the recital of his wrongs, Vera takes the terrible Nihilist oath. Five years later, in 1860, the curtain rises on Act I, in a dingy and dimly-lighted garret in Moscow, where a number of conspirators are assembled, prominent among them being the peasant Michael, the young girl Vera, and a fair-haired, beautiful lad, named Alexis, secretly her lover, who is supposed to be a student of the university. Him, Michael, his perceptions sharpened by jealousy and disappointed love of Vera, accuses of being a spy, and as they are deliberating on the matter they are surprised by a party of police. All is given up for lost, when Alexis, throwing off his disguise and assuming an attitude of command, reveals himself as the youthful Czarevitch, the heir to All the Russias, and passes of his companions as a strolling company of actors. The aspect of events is wholly changed. The assassination of the Czar is followed by the hurried crowning in his stead of the Czarevitch before he can even protest against it. However, he resolves to immediately institute sweeping measures of reform, with which Vera is to be imperially associated. Meanwhile he has been denounced as a traitor and condemned to death by his co-conspirators, Vera vainly remonstrating, until Michael arouses her patriotism and thirst for vengeance by reminding her of the oath. She acquiesces in the resolution, and lots are cast as to who shall do the Czar to death. It falls on her. She is furthermore given the dag-

ger and instructed how to find her way to the sleeping apartment of the doomed monarch. Resolutely crushing down all thought of love, she makes her way to the bedside of her lover, who, in the rash over-confidence of an ingenuous youth, has dismissed his guards. She is about to thrust the dagger into his heart, when the lad awakes. Seeing Vera, for sight of whom his inmost soul has yearned, he seizes her hands and breaks into passionate protestations of love. He is still as ever a Nihilist at heart; he had consented to be Czar only that by so doing he might work out great measures of instant reform; only that by so doing he might lay at her feet, at Vera's, not only a heart's devotion, but an empire. Carried away by the fierce torrent of truly-responsive passion, the ardent girl for a moment revels in an ecstasy of joy; but only for a moment. Already from without comes the dull, ominous rumble and growl of the impatient conspirators, who are awaiting a consummation of the deed. The dagger! the fatal blood-stained dagger—the agreed-on signal and surety of success or failure—was what they clamored for. With a last, despairing, convulsive look of unutterable devotion, she plunges the dagger into her own breast, and throwing it from the window to the howling pack below, falls back dead into the arms of her lover.

Professional Doings.



Bianca Lablanche sends THE MIRROR papers from Naples, Boulogne and other cities in the southern part of Europe, speaking in the highest praise of her operatic performances. An excellent portrait of the singer is printed above.

Krotz's Opera House at Defiance, Ohio, is to be disposed of by lottery.

Fred Maeder has completed a comedy for Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight.

Selma Dolaro has a melodrama which she is anxious to get produced here.

Zelda Seguin will take Minnie Hauk's place with the Strakosch company.

The Mabel Norton gang are playing John T. Raymond's Gilded Age in Texas.

Howorth's Hibernica played in Holyoke last Thursday night to a \$700 house.

Joseph Brooks is in Chicago looking after the interests of Brooks and Dickson.

C. M. Hall, of this city, will be the treasurer of Leavitt's San Francisco Theatre.

Maffitt and Bartholomew's Pantomime company disbanded at Milwaukee on Sunday.

F. F. Mackay has resumed his original character of Joe Heckett, in Romany Rye.

Maurice Grau has engaged Mme. Theo for next season. She opens here in December, 1883.

It is said that Billy Rice's Minstrels have consolidated with the T. P. and W. party. Billy denies it.

Bijou Heron, daughter of Matilda Heron, has been engaged by the Madison Square people for two years.

Signora Majeroni has gone to San Francisco, and will play in Youth at the Grand Opera House.

Kate Castleton, of the Rice Surprise Party, contemplates starring in All at Sea during the ensuing season.

Charles E. Blanchett has been engaged by the Madison Square management as manager of its California business.

J. H. Haverly has secured the theatre at Victoria, Oregon, and it will form one of his transcontinental chain of theatres.

Gambier is doing a large theatrical trade. His pictures are sold by retailers in this country, Germany, France and England.

Mestayer's Tourists did well in Philadelphia last week. Their agent quotes the Thanksgiving day business at \$2,800.

Maude Granger has at times been too ill to act on her New England tour. Adelaide Thornton is her sub. during such intervals.

Phil Lehnen wants to have somebody erect a new opera house in Rochester, he to have the management and possess a slice of the stock.

On Saturday next Boucicault sails for America, bringing with him his new play, Boyne Water, which he is to produce in this city.

J. Jay Brady, late private secretary to C. H. McConnell, of Chicago, goes with Stuart Cumberland, in the interest of Pond and Edwards.

Louis Fignerdo, formerly business manager of the Emile Melville Opera company, is in jail at Chicago for passing counterfeit money.

Georgia Cayvan did so well in San Francisco, socially and artistically, that she was presented by a pumber of the ladies of the city with a crown of laurel.

John W. Norton, Colonel John R. Cockrell, W. D. Wetherell and several other St. Louisans attended the institution of the Elks lodge in Cleveland last week.

Estelle Clayton made such a hit with Esmeralda in Louisville that she was retained by the management to reappear with The Professor company in the same city this week.

The report of secessions from John E. Ince's company is incorrect. He says the identical people that started out are with him still, with the exception of Myer, the manager, who absconded at New Orleans. The company had a little bad business at the start, but is now doing well in the Southwestern country, receiving good notices from the Texas press.

Falk has photographed the members of the Wyndham company in groups. By his instantaneous method the farcical situations of the comedies are accurately reproduced.

James O'Neill made his first appearance as a star in his native city, Cincinnati, on Sunday night, in An American King. He was called five times at the climax of the third act.

Sandford H. Cohen, manager of the new Masonic Theatre at Augusta, Ga., was presented with a gold watch and chain by the members of the theatre, after the first act of *Hamlet* on Monday night.

D. M. Yost, of St. Louis, author of *Wood*, the play in which Pearl Byrnes appeared in Western towns until financial prostration, claims to have received an offer for the play from the Madison Square people.

S. M. Hickey telegraphed Turk Minsie Wednesday from Philadelphia: "At the Walnut Barry and Fay are playing to standing-room only. On the opening night everything was sold before the doors opened."

Eleanor Calhoun, it is said, has effected an engagement with the Bancrofts, and will become a member of their company at the London Haymarket. They saw her play *Hester Prynne* at the Imperial, and were delighted with the performance.

The leading features of the *Chambers* Mirror will make it the handsomest and best holiday number yet issued. From the club contributions at hand, we can assure our readers a rare treat in the way of bright and interesting reading matter.

The Harry Choate Dramatic company is playing Hazel Kirke through Illinois in the smaller towns, sandwiching it between *Rites* from the Ashes and *Black Diamonds*. Of course, the production of the Madison Square success is unauthorized.

The Vokes are specially engaged by John Stetson to produce the pantomime of *His Cat at Booth's* on Monday. It will be presented in the same style as at Drury Lane, with imported properties and costumes.

The new Stevens Opera House, at Fulton, N. Y., was opened last Wednesday night by the *Florescence in Mighty Dollar*. There was a serenade at the Lewis House after the performance. The house seats 800, and is under the management of J. R. Pierce.

The programme of the Cincinnati Opera Festival, which begins Jan. 20, includes *La Traviata*, *L'Africaine*, 30th; *La Sonnambula*, 31st; *Semiramide*, Feb. 1; Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, 2d, and *Lohengrin*, 3d. The season tickets will commence Jan. 2.

Smith's Furnished Rooms company, from advice received from Charleston, had concluded not to fill their dates South, and were about to return North. A dispatch received since states that this intention has been reconsidered, and the company will continue on its Southern way.

Charles H. Steiger, city editor of the *Bradford Evening Star* for three years, has resigned, and will for the balance of the season travel with Hermann as press agent. He had had nine years' experience in daily newspaper offices, and for two years acted as *Tam* *Milton*'s Bradford correspondent.

The actress whom a correspondent in the *Herald* declared was neglected by the *Press* writes as follows to the Secretary: "I cannot be too grateful for your kindness during my illness, and for the assistance supplied by the Actors' Fund. Both Dr. Taylor and yourself have certainly done all you could to make me comfortable."

Mrs. Mabel Leonard died of pneumonia in the New York Hospital last week. She was the mother of Mabel Leonard, the child-actress, over whom the S. P. C. C. made such a fuss a few years ago. A husband and the girl both survive her. Mrs. Leonard was known on the stage as Mabel Santley. Her last engagement was with the Strakosch Opera troupe.

J. M. Barron, manager of Owsen's Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C., has purchased the farm known as "Cane's Hall," on the Tread Haven River, Talbot County, Md. It comprises twenty-five acres of land with a handsome cottage of seventeen rooms. Mr. Barron intends raising corn and tomatoes for the packets of Baltimore, and small fruits.

E. M. Warriner writes from Chicago to explain the coming to grief of his *Florescence* party. He says his route was bad, covering one-night stands chiefly and entailing long jumps. He is not discouraged, but will resume the tour in Chicago on "a sound basis." Mr. Warriner will shortly be in New York. He has had a disagreement with several members of his company.

Miss Wickham gave some interpretations of Tennyson's "Elaine" and "Princess" Gwendolene at a Fourth Avenue Church on Tuesday night. The lady displayed marked ability as a reader, and her analysis of the poems was scholarly and original. She will shortly give other entertainments of this nature, and we commend them to the intelligent class of the public as interesting and instructive.

Madame Janaschek stated to a *Mirror* reporter that her season thus far had been very successful. She has lately added Marie Antonette to her repertoire, and when asked if she was about to add another character, said: "I intend to produce a new play by a Providence gentleman. It is called *Bodiceus*, and the scene is laid in Britain, in the Druidical days of that country. It is a powerful drama, and I think it will be a success."

The company engaged by Mr. Frohman to play the Madison Square pieces at the Baldwin in San Francisco, are Georgia Cayvan, Sidney Cowell, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Viola Allen, Enid Leslie, E. J. Buckley, Thomas Whiffen, Leslie Allen, F. Oakes Rose, Harry Rich, J. T. McCreery. The opening play is *Esmeralda*, then Young Mrs. Winthrop, and probably several other plays belonging to the theatre.

The London Metropolitan Board of Works are overhauling all the theatres, and have ordered thorough and radical changes to be made for the safety of audiences. They have declared the Criterion "entirely unsafe for a place of public entertainment," and ordered the proprietors to make it fire-proof, according to the plans of the Board. The Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, is also under the ban.

The "dodge-your-dinner-bill" game did not work well at the Massasoit, Hopkinton, field last Sunday, where the special express train stopped for its passengers while en route from New York to Boston, claiming to belong to the *Massasoit* company, majestically until the porter both pursued and cornered him to disgorge with an ill grace.

... been exceedingly kind
... The little gentleman
... and of play-writing
... a lamentable failure, called
... the critic of the *Examiner*
... actor on the local boards
... Mr. Campbell's met
... in their efforts to
... a successful drama
... Opera House
... withdrawn from
... plan to sup

the regular subscription nights, and *La Fille de Mademoiselle Angot*, Chimes of Normandy, and again *Le Petit Duc* for extra nights and matinees. In the main these operas

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think it necessary to work up business by inducing the
Colonel of the First Regiment I. N. G. to order out
escort for the gay English comedian, because during t

lonable audiences, and bids fair to do the best business of the season. C. W. Couldock and Effie Ellsler, who now play Dunstan and Hazel, played the same charac-

to a good matinee, but a poor show.
Keece appeared on 1st as Richard III.; matinee on
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The Fool's Revenge, and at night Othello. On the
we are to have Emeralds, with J. E. Owens and An

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet,
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Cazauban informs me that he doesn't want "Monsieur" or "M." but simply "Mr." put in front of his name. Now, in this republican country handles don't go for much; but I was curious to know the why and wherefore of the clever dramatist's request. Although he speaks French like a native, he's not a Frenchman. He is of Spanish origin; yet he's not a Spaniard. He was educated in Dublin; but he cannot be got to admit that he's an Irishman. His spurs were won in Cincinnati, New York and Brooklyn; but he doesn't speak like an American. Then surely "Monsieur," "Señor," "Misther" or "Esq." cannot be conscientiously used in connection with the gentleman's name. For goodness' sake, then, what is Cazauban, and with what prefix or affix can his surname be decorated?

Happy thought! Perhaps Caz, having lived among us so long, wishes to be known as a New Yorker. Well, Well! Plain Mr. Cazauban let it be in future, Mr. Foreman and Mr. Proof-reader. We mustn't make Caz a rival to Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country."

It is said the whole of New England is in arms against the profession because a special train bearing the Langtry troupe ran over and killed two lads at Thompsonville, Conn. The people of that State are going to petition their Legislature to pass a law forbidding the running of theatrical specials within their boundaries on Sunday. I hope they will pardon me for saying so; but the inhabitants of Connecticut are fools if they urge any such measure. The accident at Thompsonville, it is plain, occurred because the approach of the train was not properly flagged in the usual manner by the railroad's employees. The occupants of the train might have been politicians, parsons or newspaper men instead of actors; but I'll venture to say had that been the case the Yankee folks in the Nutmeg State would not have connected the accident in any way with the mere fact of their being in the cars that ran over the bodies of the boys. It is frequently necessary that professionals finishing in New York on Saturday night and opening in Boston on the following Monday must turn their day of rest into a day of travel, and no new blue laws like the old ones that destroyed the comfort of every class of this community, except the liquor dealers, last Sunday, should be devised by the Legislature of Connecticut or any other State to impede the peaceable progress of legitimate dramatic business.

The Frayne tragedy is now a matter of the past. It will probably serve an end in preventing all exhibitions on the public stage that place in jeopardy human life. The chief actor in the sad event is to be pitied and not blamed. No doubt he would gladly change places with the victim if that could free his mind of the remorse that now possesses it. He should never have been allowed to perform his dangerous feats, it is true; but are not the people who went to see them quite as deep in the wrong as the performer? Frayne has renounced his rifle-shooting. He has conducted himself since the affair happened in a truly manly manner. I hope no stigma will be attached to his name by the people of the towns in which he will play Mardo during the rest of the season.

A young man, who says he's lame, writes to know if he would have any chance on the stage or as an advance agent. I can give him very little advice. There are too many lame actors in the business now, and as for the post of advance agent, I should hesitate before thinking of such a thing were I in his place. In case he got out with a company that stranded he would find his infirmity a source of constant annoyance, because he couldn't hold his own with the others on the railroad ties, and walking alone over vast wastes of country is not the pleasantest thing in the world. On the whole, I would counsel my correspondent to avoid the profession as he would a plague.

Yesterday I had a thorough insight into the workings of the Actors' Fund, and I can truly say that if its machinery moves as rapidly and smoothly as it did in this instance, the fault that carping writers for the press are constantly

finding with its management is totally uncalled for. The following dispatch from a prominent citizen of New Orleans I found when I reached my office early yesterday morning:

Cassie Troy died last night. She has no friends in this city. Will MIRROR take charge?

I despatched a messenger at once to Dan Frohman to apply for aid from the Fund. Frohman sent word back, asking me to inform the gentleman in New Orleans by telegraph to call on David Bidwell for the necessary sum to defray the expenses, and the Fund would send on a cheque to reimburse him for the amount advanced. In addition the secretary wired further instructions to Manager Bidwell. I make public these facts for the benefit of the Fund's detractors.

From an actor named Edwin Clifford I have received a letter denying certain charges preferred against him by a physician of this city. Having arrived too late for this issue, I reluctantly defer its publication, together with a complete substantiation of the doctor's first statements, until next week, when both will appear and in full.

Joined the Majority.

Another theatrical venture has met its death, Alma Stuart Stanley is the chief mourner. On Saturday night she returned to this city with company, Benrimo's play of Vic having proved a failure.

"I was out two weeks and in that time I could tell whether a play was going to be a success or not," said Miss Stanley to a MIRROR reporter last evening. "We opened in New Haven on the 20th to a good business; but with few exceptions the receipts elsewhere were very bad. I saw that Vic was a poor play and would never take with the public, so I thought it best to cancel dates. My company were all paid for their work. I had eight weeks' time booked ahead of me; but what was the use of trying to make a bad play go? I paid \$900 for Vic, and I have lost altogether \$2,000 on this venture. But the failure is not my fault. Every manager was pleased with my performance and all offered me dates if I could get another play. In order to make the piece take I introduced specialties, and what do you think?—One of the New Haven papers spoke of me as a variety artist! I was never in that line. I have had offers by which I could make more money by going on the variety stage; but I prefer the legitimate. If I live till April, I intend to appear in a new play by some good author. I saw in one of the papers that I had quarreled with my manager, Mr. Davidson. That is not so; we are on the best of terms."

Identification with Character.

We find in a recent number of a leading periodical the views of several principal actors as to the requirements of success upon the stage. These are well put; but they admit some discriminating comment. Initiation in a stock company is considered indispensable by Lawrence Barrett, Maggie Mitchell and William Warren. Mr. Barrett says the beginner must begin at the bottom, and that no qualification can overcome this necessity. "The greatest actors have been the hardest workers." In the latter proposition Mr. McCullough concurs, claiming, however, by way of outset, that the aspirant should possess health and fair personal appearance, flexibility of feature and grace of movement, strong intelligence, the capacity to learn, the capacity to feel lofty emotions and to make others feel them. This is a pretty comprehensive bill of fare, and shows the thoroughness of its eminent provider. Mr. Warren's report is that young actors over-act, over-dress and over-grimace, until acting ceases to be comedy and becomes burlesque.

It is the opinion of Joseph Jefferson that a successful actor must be gifted with sensibility, imagination and personal magnetism; he must begin his art at the foundation, or the superstructure can scarcely stand. Madame Modjeska has "never seen genius succeed without labor—actors must be born with a certain amount of native talent; although she believes a person wanting natural gifts, if possessed of an average amount of intelligence, may, by careful and judicious training, acquire a sufficient amount of technical knowledge to enable him or her to fill respectably the minor parts in a stage ensemble.

These are all well-taken positions by performers who have happily illustrated the art and study of acting by their own practice and performances. They have all labored faithfully in their vocation and have been faithful students in the courses they recommend. That there is native talent and genius among them cannot be denied. But we may take the liberty to add, as observers and parties deeply interested in the welfare of the profession, that there is a word or two more to be said.

The first essential of good acting and the highest dramatic success, is identification and the power of identification with the character presented. To accomplish this the actor must embody faithfully and truly the author's idea. He must present to the audience a living human being in his totality, so that when the curtain falls the auditor feels that he has seen the whole man. He must furthermore become so entirely absorbed and naturalized in the scene as to harmonize fully with the personages of the play by whom he is surrounded. In a word, he must utterly sink his own individuality and become the part he plays. He may be a good actor—as there have been many good actors who performed all their functions on the stage, and who yet failed to reach this grand ultimatum. In truth, few actors have preserved this supreme power of absolute identification. In the past, as of our own country, and as an example, we would name the elder Booth as pre-eminent in merging himself in the character he personated.

This grand result attainable, all the other qualifications dwelt upon by our friends, the syndicate of advisory actors, are incidental, important, but not vital; the voice, costumes, gesture and the details of training for all these may be contributory to the identifying power. To be just, it should be said that the professional authorities quoted have all had at heart, no doubt, a something which lends the final charm to all good acting and is ever present with the best and greatest.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flashed to Us from Everywhere.

Cassie Troy Dead.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 6.—Cassie Troy died last night at a quarter to nine o'clock of lead-poisoning. Three physicians were in attendance; but their efforts failed to relieve the terrible sufferings of the actress.

[Cassie Troy was a member of Carrie Swain's company at the time of her sudden death, playing a leading part in Len Grover's Cad the Tomboy. She has been prominently identified with the profession for fifteen years, and stood excellently among managers. At different times in her career she was leading lady in the theatres of Cleveland, Pittsburg, St. Louis and New Orleans, under management of John Ellsler, David Bidwell and others. She was a careful, thoroughly reliable artiste. Her age was somewhere between thirty-five and forty. She has for a long time supported aged parents in a home she had earned for herself over in Jersey City. They are now without means of livelihood. Miss Troy also leaves a grown-up son.—EDITOR MIRROR.]

The Quaker City.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6.—Joseph Jefferson opened at the Arch Monday evening in The Rivals to a very large audience. Performance fine. Last evening, The Poor Gentleman was played for the first time in this city in over twenty years. Jefferson had not played Ollapod in a long time, and as Lucretia McNab Mrs. John Drew added a fresh study to her already lengthy repertoire.

Irish Aristocracy, with Hugh Fay and Billy Barry as the bright particular attractions, drew good audiences Monday and Tuesday evening. The play is simply Muldoon's Picnic, worked over from one act into three, and re-named. This is the first appearance at the Walnut Street Theatre of the comedians named.

J. K. Emmet opened Monday at the Chestnut Street Opera House in Fritz Among the Gypsies. The production is a flimsy excuse for a play. The St. Bernard dog introduced is a magnificent specimen of the breed and is well trained. The company is ordinary, the best feature being the little girl Peggie Miller, who plays the rôle of the child Kina. The audience was large, but not crowded.

Mr. Sherwood gave his first piano recital at the Academy of Fine Arts Monday. He is a phenomenal pianist. Even if he played from the notes, the seventy-five or eighty pieces which his five concerts embrace would be a musical feat; but it is Mr. Sherwood's custom to play his repertoire from memory, and his memory is unfailing. The technique is almost beyond criticism. The programme embraced selections from Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt.

The new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, Iolanthe, was heard at the Lyceum last evening for the first time in this city. The reason of the postponement from Monday was said to be due to the fact that a misunderstanding led to the discharge of Mansfield, the English comedian, who was engaged to play the rôle of the Lord Chancellor. W. H. Seymour assumes the part, and the management was obliged to hunt up a new Toller. Mansfield is described as an individual of a most contrary disposition.

At Wood's Museum all is chaos as regards stock company. Wood discharged the entire company on last Saturday, and is now re-engaging a few of the people to play the four off matinees of the week. He will play combinations at night and matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Naiad Queen will be the Christmas offering at the Bijou Theatre. It is said that C. H. Smith, of the Double Uncle Tom's Cabin, will take out Between Two Fires. Mr. Clinton Hall, who is a clever actor, and was recently the leading man of Colonel Wood's Museum, says of Helen of Troy, "With a good company the play would be a great go." Nana Halle, who gave a private reading recently to the press, will shortly make her debut upon the stage in Hugh Donnelly's new play, The Ragged Edge.

Harry Peakes' Benefit.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 6.—Old Shipmates is successful and prosperous at this port.

At the Academy Harry Peakes, of the Hess Opera Company, has arranged to take a benefit on Friday night, by invitation of his fellow-artists and the stockholders of the theatre. Mr. Peakes is a favorite here, and he will have a bumper.

A Callow Common Council.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 6.—The Kiralfys' Black Crook at Carl's is drawing bald-heads and big hats alike. The performance gives unusual satisfaction.

The Chimes of Normandy, sung at the Grand, drew a very large house on Monday.

Last week the Common Council of our municipality voted to close Marshall Carl's upper gallery until a flight of stairs is built from that portion of the house to the street on the outside of the building. Yesterday the vote was rescinded and Mr. Carl allowed until January to make the alterations, the gallery meantime being used. There was no occasion for the Common Council's action, as the gallery is safe, and the public are entirely satisfied with the exits of the theatre. Mr. Carl is quite

willing to make any changes necessary for the security of his patrons.

At Georgia's Capital.

ATLANTA, Dec. 6.—At DeGiv's Remenyi fiddled on Monday night, and made such a good impression that another concert, to take place to-morrow evening, was at once arranged. The Madison Square company in Esmeralda appeared last night and to-night to packed houses. The play made a most favorable impression.

Carrie Swain, in Cad the Tomboy, is due on Thursday to play an engagement of two nights.

Keene in Clover.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 6.—Thomas W. Keene on Monday and Tuesday nights had large audiences. To-night there is a slight dropping off. Our public is greatly delighted with Keene's acting.

Ideal Receipts.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 6.—The Boston Ideals opened to an immense house at Boyd's Monday night, and the receipts were duplicated last evening. The seats are all sold for the remaining three performances, the company having made a hit and created a *furor* among our theatre-goers.

The Lace Handkerchief.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 6.—Last night the Queen's Lace Handkerchief was presented at the Opera House by McCaull's company. The house was crowded by a cultured and discriminating audience.

Pleasant News for Leavitt.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 6.—Leavitt's Specialty company opened to a large house Monday. The receipts increased Tuesday, and to-night the "Standing-room only" sign is exposed. Flora Moore is a great favorite here. Thus far the business has been the biggest done here this season.

Turning Out to See Tragedy.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 6.—Janaushek, the great tragedienne, played Mother and Son Monday, and Marie Antoinette Tuesday, to large audiences composed of our most fashionable people.

A Picnic for the Bill-Posters.

KEOKUK, Ia., Dec. 6.—Barlow-Wilson and their minstrel party gave a most enjoyable performance at the Opera House Monday night to an immense crowd. The bill-posters have had a veritable picnic, for Leavitt's Giganteans will come here on Thursday. Lithographs and paper cover every fence, dead-wall and bill-board.

Mayo's Texas Boom.

GALVESTON, Dec. 6.—Frank Mayo opened at the Tremont Opera House in Davy Crockett to the biggest receipts of the season.

The Girl That I Love.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., Dec. 6.—The Girl That I Love made such a hit Monday that the citizens guaranteed the receipts for another performance, and the party remained, playing Tuesday night to a large house.

Events in the Federal Capital.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—At the National Modjeska opened to a fine house Monday night in As You Like It, and was rapturously applauded. Her success here is assured.

The Hanlons drew a large house to see Le Voyage en Suisse Monday at Ford's, and kept the people in a roar. The extremely long waits between acts detract much from the performance. Such furious fun should be very fast. Fifteen minutes between first and second and twenty between second and third acts is enough to dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic audience.

Harry Richmond's combination packed the Comique and pleased the audience on Monday night. Large receipts cause Manager Snelbaker to smile. He merits the success he has won, having come here in the face of opposition and against the warnings of the croakers, who insisted that a variety show could not be made to pay, and established the best variety theatre Washington has ever had, and piloted the venture to success.

My Partner in Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Dec. 6.—Last night Louis Aldrich and Charles Parsloe played My Partner to a good house. The company and stars were accorded a hearty welcome.

Electric Sparks from 'Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 6.—Bartley Campbell's new play, Siberia, is an undoubted success. It draws full houses every night. Last night Haverly's, where it is being played, overflowed with the crowd. The play is undoubtedly in for a run. It is much superior to

Michel Strogoff in scenic effects. The scenery of the Jews, the Palace Royal, the departure of the exiles, and the others are all grandly given. The characters are all well drawn and the situations intensely dramatic. Think it will have four weeks run. Campbell was too ill to be present at the opening night.

At the Grand Opera House Milton Nobles is playing to only light business. Next week we are to have Nilsson's four concerts in this theatre. The first day the advance sale opened \$5,000 was received for season tickets. Marcus Mayer is happy.

Jay Rial has just leased the Baldwin Theatre for four weeks from Dec. 25. The opening attraction will be Len Grover's Comedy company.

News has just been received of the total destruction by fire of the Theatre Comique at Sacramento after the performance yesterday. It was a variety house.

Bartley Campbell, who has been seriously ill for some time, is convalescent. He expects to be able to attend to business again in a day or two.

Uncle Tommors.

DENVER, Dec. 6.—Anthony and Ella's Uncle Tom company opened at the Tabor Monday night to a well-filled house. This company has been doing a land-office business in Kansas.

A Big Matinee.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Dec. 6.—To-day's matinee of Esmeralda brought out a \$1,200 house. Charles Frohman left for New York evening of 4th.

Death of an Old Actor.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 6.—Sol Smith Russell is having booming business at the Olympic. Charlotte Thompson is doing fairly at the People's. La Belle Russe is drawing large at the Grand. Salvini drew only fair house at Pope's on Monday and Tuesday nights.

Robert C. Gleason died here on Sunday morning, aged sixty-six. He was a veteran, and had played with the elder Booth in his youth. During forty-five years of professional life he had been connected with various stock companies throughout the Union. Lately he had been teaching elocution and fitting aspirants for the stage.

Kate Carlyn left John A. Stevens' company on Saturday night. She was one of his English importations.

Openings in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—The Central Music Hall was densely crowded last evening to welcome Mme. Nilsson. Every desirable seat in the house had been sold previous to the opening. When Nilsson made her appearance she received a perfect ovation.

At Hooley's the Wyndham company are playing to large houses in Fourteen Days.

Mlle. Rhea appears in an extensive repertoire this week. She opened as Adrienne Lecouvreur. Last night she appeared in An Unequal Match to a large and enthusiastic audience.

Romany Rye is in its second week at Haverly's and doing well.

Maginley in A Square Man, at McVicker's, is doing well. So is Oliver Dond Byron at the Olympic in Across the Continent.

Chizola, Salvini's manager, and Joseph Brooks, of Brooks and Dickson, are in town.

Langtry in Boston.

BOSTON, Dec. 6.—Langtry's debut was attended by the cream of Boston culture and fashion. An Unequal Match was presented with the scenery brought from Wallack's Theatre. The Globe was only comfortably filled by an audience whose object seemed to be the gratification of curiosity as to the Lily's personal charms. Very little enthusiasm was displayed over her acting; but she was treated kindly and received many floral gifts. After the performance she was serenaded by a band composed of a number of her admiring countrymen, residents of this city.

Complimentary.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the eminent amusement authority, came to us last week in a new dress and enlarged form, additional evidence of its steadily increasing popularity. Under the editorial management of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, THE MIRROR has grown in favor, and is now the recognized organ of the theatrical managers and dramatic profession of America. The paper contains weekly the best criticisms and editorials, and the latest theatrical news by mail and telegraph from its provincial staff, embracing over four hundred towns in the United States. If our amusement-going people would keep themselves thoroughly informed in regard to companies and plays, we would advise them to read THE MIRROR.

[Detroit Chat.]

THE NEW YORK MIRROR appears in a handsome new dress, and its editor, Harrison Grey Fiske, announces that the special Christmas number will be filled with good things as usual.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Harrison Grey Fiske, editor of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, announces his purpose to issue a special Christmas number, and that it shall exceed in value and interest any other of that popular journal ever published. THE MIRROR has many readers in Michigan.

The Giddy Gusher



ON THE LILY'S SPAT WITH LABBY.

The next best thing to cleverness in man or woman is the ability to estimate one's own capacity. Many a person of moderate talent makes a better show on small stock, by gauging his powers properly, than a more gifted mortal who slops over a well-filled bucket and gets outside the pail of capacity. This reaching for the unattainable is oftener seen on the stage than in any other position. Lucky the party who with his yearnings combines a faculty for accepting advice.

That faculty restrained Sothern from scaling garden walls as Romeo and apostrophizing skulls as Hamlet. He longed to play those parts; he has stood on a rug in front of his Gramercy Hotel fire and done balcony scenes and soliloquies and advice to the players for me, till the voice of the Gusher mingled with the lines of Shakespeare and besought him not to do it. George Fox, the unapproachable pantomimist, wanted to do Lagèrdère in *The Duke's Motto*, and got himself up in Don Caesar with a wild idea that dashing melodrama was his specialty. Last Summer little Alice Harrison, the best exponent of broad burlesque ever born in this country—with comedy branded on every feature of her laughter-provoking face, with hilarity pervading her very walk—concluded that drawing tears and drawing houses would be one and the same thing for her, and sailed into sentiment like a fishing-smack into a Newfoundland fog. For some seasons Edward Harrigan has felt emotional drama choking his utterance. He wanted to do a dreadful cuss scene like the *Leah* and the *Leah*; he felt there was something in him beside fun, and determined his audiences should be moved and in tears; and they were—right out of the house.

When the Harrisons dove into the delineation of the passions they had the most disinterested, sound and affectionate advice; but they knew a heap better than any one else; and whatever they did then they do now, that's mighty sure. Harrigan got into his emotional old Jew Mordecai, and came near going up as high as Haman. He paid for his little fad, and in *McSorley's* on his own ground once more, and the New Yorkers, in their delight at his return to reason, are doing better for him than ever. Hundreds are nightly turned from the door, and the play is not as good as some of the *Mulligan* series; but it's so much better than any other funny entertainment offered just now that the laughter-hungry multitude accept and rejoice over it.

Alice and Lou Harrison could be to-day at the head of a little theatre here, which would burlesque every novelty as it came out (as the traditional Old Olympic did once in New York, and as the Folly does in London), turning away money—those three blessed words to the actors' ears. But there you are. Folks won't stick to their business, and it isn't always the reward of derelict genius to be received, as Harrigan has been, with open arms, after neglecting his vocation, and making a goose of himself and ducks and drakes of his money.

And so in private life people (mostly women) are eternally getting out of the grooves nature particularly designed them to run in. I suppose I know what I can do well; but I am hankering after something else half the time, and get into some very pretty scrapes occasionally, and with the true instinct that likes like, it's not uncomfortable to see other women in hot water. Just now I know a lot of 'em. The most important and interesting one is that of Mrs. Labouchere. For two years she has had the Jersey Lily an inmate of her home, and Mrs. Labouchere's home is Pope's Villa, at Twickenham; and that is a home. The Lily had separated from her husband and had no home. Mrs. Labouchere had been an actress, poor as the material was, the lady who made one of Mrs. Langtry. I know she had two poll-parrots, and I know she took a contract for. Mrs. Labouchere is ninety-nine years old. She was born with latent ability; but she was not brought forth with it. The sympathies of the Laboucheres, Mrs. L. formed herself into a comedy, and Mr. L. constituted himself a tragedy. He used the Lily as his vehicle, and she as his prop.

Cherwynde domestic com-

motion in which a lovely and virtuous woman went to the wall (as they generally do), Henrietta thought she had better transplant her Lily to the wilds of America. Sir George hung on as far as Liverpool; but from there he returned discipulate to London. The first bolt from the track was made aboard ship, and Mrs. L. discovered balky traits in her Jersey Lily. Almost as soon as they got here, came letters from the swain languishing in London. "He could not live without her," and Lily began to think she could be made comfortable if he was here, and so informed him; but ere her missive reached the Albion shore there had risen on the horizon a young New Yorker, with wealth galore and the irrepressible heart of unskilled youth. He presented himself and a \$2,500 emerald, and as Lily acknowledges, she was captivated. She says she thinks it's in the air. The novelty of snow and the mystery of sleighing completed the slaughter. In vain did Mrs. Labby entreat Mrs. Lily. Expostulation was in vain. The pair would return from holding up the hand-glass to horrified Nature and Rosalind would groan with fatigue. She would hurry off to bed too tired to keep her eyes open, and the vigilant chaperone, waking in the night to find a biting frost abroad, would bethink herself of the slim little legs without the warm pads of Rosalind in the next room. She would rise and go in and tuck her up warm with an extra blanket, when lo! the nest would be empty and the bird gone!

For was there not sleighing on Harlem lane; and the turtles were cooing behind a pair of flying trotters! This was too much, and so Mrs. Labby told the Lily. She represented what had been done for her and what she was doing for herself. Then came a volcano. Mount Hecla and Gus Heckler and all the other eruptive excrescences were eclipsed while Langtry boiled at the Albemarle.

"Who cares if I can act?" she cried. "People don't come to see the actress."

"I should say not," quietly responded madame.

"I draw because I am celebrated."

"Like Holloway's pills—well advertised, my dear," returned Madame L.

"This is my room, madame; you will do me the kindness to withdraw."

"A mutual benefit, Miss," said Mrs. Labouchere, and, outraged and indignant over her great mistake, the lady then and there parted company with Mrs. Langtry.

The young man's horrid and sleighs were despatched to Boston last week, and if those Massachusetts creatures only do their duty and have snow, the path of the celebrated will be one of delight. But if Hester, Rosalind and Juliana have been all the rewards of Mrs. Labouchere's incessant and able teaching, what will the next impersonation be like? Ben Butler, Wendell Phillips, Abbey, Boston Neck and the Bunker Hill Monument may all turn to and be coachers of this wonderful creature. The result is anxiously awaited by the Gusher.

I had in my mind, when I began this screed, several instances of mistaken females. Poor Mrs. Labouchere will have to do for this week. If I completed the history *THE MIRROR* would have to come out double its size, and the public can't bear too much at once of those revelations from

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

The Madison Square Dial.

The Madison Square folks were somewhat exercised the other day over a curious and somewhat unique invention or discovery of one of their travelling business managers, who is now in the city. A reporter of *THE MIRROR* being in the vicinity of the theatre on the day alluded to, met Dan Frohman, who invited him up into the office. There the newspaper man beheld the contrivance. It consists of a clock face; but the usual twelve-stops, instead of being indicated by the ordinary Roman numerals, are marked by the twelve souvenir events in the history of Hazel Kirke, commencing with the 50th performance, then 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 800, 1,000, 1,400, 1,500, 1,750 and 2,000. Four hands radiate from the centre, which is marked "Madison Square Theatre," each of which represents the four plays of the theatre. One hand, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," is represented as approaching the 50 stop, as indicating the fiftieth performance. The next, "Esmeralda," approaches the 400 stop. "The Professor" nears the 500 mark, and "Hazel Kirke" is clearly approaching 2,000. Thus it will be seen that at a glance all of the Madison Square attractions will be recognized in its stage of run. The hands can be changed daily and show exactly the number of performances. It is certainly a curiosity and has attracted much attention from those who have seen it.

David Belasco grows enthusiastic in speaking of it and declares it superior to any of his remarkable stage effects in *Hearts of Oak* or *La Belle Russe*, and Wesley Sisson waxes eloquent over its merits. It has been christened "The Madison Square Dial," and ere long no well-regulated household will be complete without one.

This is all very well so far as the dial's registration regarding the plays' runs, but if some one of the many fertile minds of the Madison Square can only invent some contrivance that will show in advance the receipts of each attraction, then we should imagine a great desideratum would be obtained.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, NOV. 17, 1882.

The Promise of May, Mr. Tennyson's new play, was produced at the Globe on Saturday and attracted a crowded audience of statesmen, poets, litterateurs and really distinguished people, Mr. Gladstone being one of the number. But the play was a dismal failure, and will soon disappear from the bills. The curtain had not been raised ten minutes and the first act had barely intimated a dramatic interest, when an ominous murmur might have been heard among that part of the audience ever quickest to seize on the ridiculous, and thenceforward, as the work gave forth repetitions of the same note, the ominous murmur swelled into jeering chaff, and on to the unchecked laughter of contempt. Why was this? It is possible to answer the question with tolerable certainty in treating of dramatic works, for now-a-days the lines upon which such must be laid down are known with tolerable accuracy. Next to the dramatic interest there must be sympathy, and that sympathy must flow evenly and unchecked. Mr. Tennyson has two heroines for his play, but no hero. The *jeune premiere* of this work is a cold-blooded seducer, represented by Mr. Herrman Vezin as an unattractive, middle-aged man, who soliloquizes nearly the whole time he is on the stage, and then wholly, or nearly so, upon the tenets held by Free Thinkers. He dissertates in tiresome monologue upon the various passions, senses and conventionalities of life. He stifles a tendency to regret the possible fate of the girl he has seduced by declaring "conscience only an automatic series of sensations." He talks of the "great democratic deluge which is to engulf the whole world," and declares that then marriages will be unknown and mankind be left only to their elective affinities. Pressed by the girl he has seduced to marry her and save her from shame, he calls the holy institution "old feudal nonsense," and bids her profit by the example of the birds, which "pair for a season and then part," compares the marriage state to that of two dogs, which, leashed together, snarl and bite, and offers many other illustrations of the same idea. Yet all the while he is caressing the fair and fragile girl, who, in form, the sympathetic heroine demanded by dramatic art, and vowing to her constant love. Was it possible that any audience could treat with respect such a character? His immoral reasonings were the antitheses of his actions, and excited consequent laughter ere the first act had run half its course.

The plot of the play is so simple that it is hardly worth relating. The one good situation in the last act reminds me of a similar position in Alfred de Musset's "On ne badine pas avec l'amour," but the French poet handles his theme with more dramatic skill. Mrs. Bernard Burr and Mr. Charles Kelly played two important characters, and did their very best to make them acceptable; but the audience was merciless. The Laureate's ill-fated endeavor to raise the falling fortunes of the British drama affords another example of the great difference which exists between the "Promise" and performance.

The Court Theatre reopened yesterday with *The Parvenu* and a little piece called *Picking Up the Pieces*, by Mr. Julian Sturgis. The story is of a pretty middle-aged woman who finds herself at Florence, mysteriously interested in a lazy, good-natured, middle-aged man. They are thrown together, as such people often are. They pretend to wrangle as do Benedict and Beatrice; they fight away from the inevitable; they pretend they do not know what is their mutual and secret inclination; and they end by discovering that they were boy and girl lovers years ago, burdened with a secret and undefined passion that time has not effaced. Now this, crudely set down, seems, perhaps, a very ridiculous little love adventure; but it is not so as it appears in the book of Mr. Sturgis. Cecil and Miss Carlotta Addison do their best for the comedietta. They are earnest, industrious and full of resource; but they have not the delicate touch, the light hands and the style for such works. There is no chord of sympathy between them and their audience; no lightness, no sparkle, no glow. The play is uncorked, but it does not fizz. It is like flat champagne: it is palatable, but not exhilarating. Having once entered upon the path leading to fortune, the management of the Princess Theatre keeps the goal steadily in view. Its recent experiments have been marked by judgment and enterprise, and have, as a consequence, been attended with constant success. It may, however, be doubted whether any play recently produced at this or any other house has found its way so directly to the public heart as *The Silver King*. From the moment when, at the close of the first act, the curtain fell upon a novel situation, to the close of the piece, the result was never in doubt. At the close of every act, and sometimes at the close of a scene, the actors were summoned before the curtain; and Mr. Wilson Barrett was at one time compelled to request the audience to reserve, till the fate of the piece was definitely settled, a demand for the appearance of the authors prematurely put forth. The triumph thus delayed was not lost, and at the end of the representation the authors obtained a reception such as is not often accorded; and it is pleasant to record that this triumph is well merited. The *Silver King* has a strong and sustained plot, abundance of sympathy and interest, and a wealth of striking situations. As it is admirably mounted, some of its views being models of stage effect and mechanical construction, and is splendidly acted, its enduring success is beyond question. It ought to be a "great go" in the United States if decently presented.

At the opening of the story, the future *Silver King* is a commonplace young man, given to gambling, the turf and to drink at the bars of low public-houses about town. But he has better instincts, and has married for love a girl who, with all his faults, is true to him, and repels with scorn the offered advances of the man whom she rejected for her dissipated husband—the man who now comes to gloat over her misery. That this young man, Wilfred Denner by name, should seek to chastise the schemer who is leading him to his ruin, and utter threats to murder him, is the inevitable course of such works, and equally inevitable is the fact that the schemer should be killed and that the husband should be accused. In the first act the characters therein remind one of several other plays; but the manner in which the murder is committed by burglars of whom one, known as "the Spider," but leading a fashionable life as Captain Skinner, is unacknowledged. How Denner, being on the spot, accuses himself of the murder, and afterward flies from pursuit; how the detectives follow and nearly catch him; but how, having taken the train for Liverpool, he escapes through the open country by jumping from the express, and how he after-

ward escapes further pursuit because the train meets with an accident, is set fire to, and many of the passengers burnt, are incidents of action and description which take up the first two acts. Then, when six years are supposed to have passed, we take up the story and find Nellie, the wife, with her two children, in the direct need, living in a cottage on some property owned by the Spider, and from which, when he learns who she is, he orders her to be ejected. Then, just as that is on the point of being carried out, Wilfred Denner should return and supply the means by which she defeats villainy, is orthodox. He is now Mr. John Franklin, the "silver king of Nevada," living in grand style at "The Lawn," Kensington Park Gardens, and has sought his wife and children for months. While he watches and sees them saved, he overhears a word which gives him a hint of his possible innocence of the murder he believes lies on his soul, and that hint he follows out by watching the villains who were burglars on the night of the crime. In rags he follows them to a wharf at Botherhithe, where he feigns the character of a deaf idiot, and to the warehouse, where they meet, and where they store the jewels and plate, which from time to time they obtain as plunder. Denner at last gets admission. Then, when the gang quarrel over their plunder, when they mutually accuse one another, Denner learns his innocence and fights his way to the door, through which he escapes once more to acknowledge himself to the world and to his wife and children. These he has, after his discovery of them, placed in affluence and luxury, using as a means to that end a faithful old servant named Jakes. But when at last he is in the arms of his wife, when happiness and honor are almost within his grasp, the principal villain, Captain Skinner, whose safety is of course endangered by the discovery, and who is known as the leader of the gang of jewel thieves, appears to threaten and to bully unless his safety is assured upon terms of mutual silence. The dark cloud is, however, but momentary, for Denner rejects all compromise, and the opportune arrival of the detectives leads to the apprehension of the chief criminal, whose accomplices have confessed against him. Thus in the usual manner is dramatic justice satisfied; but it is vain to hope to give an idea in such a summary of the principal features of the play, of the many details which go to the working out of the plot.

The authors in this respect have shown themselves exceedingly clever and adroit. The workmanship is indeed of the best, the incidents dovetail with singular ease, the smallest circumstance seems to have been thought of by them in building up the work of which their fabric has often done duty. This is as it should be—but too often is not in these days when originality is not too much studied. So clever in fact is some of the work, so true and sympathetic is much of the domestic incident, that more than once the audience interrupted the progress of a scene to express their applause.

Wilson Barrett played the character of Wilfred Denner with immense spirit and dramatic intention, and earned the applause of not only the public, but the admiration of the critics, who chorused his praise in all the daily journals yesterday. Six years ago I said that Mr. Barrett, as a vigorous melodramatic actor, was rapidly coming to the front, and now he takes his stand as the most finished and picturesque actor of drama in England. He occupies the same position that M. Lafontaine did ten years ago in Paris, and I think Mr. Barrett possesses more magnetism and emotional power than the French actor exhibited in his best days.

Henry Herman, one of the authors of *The Silver King*, is the acting manager of the Princess. He has been an extensive traveller, has visited the far West, was once the editor of the *American Register* in Paris, and is something of a bibliophile, possessing "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." I have long known him as a graphic writer, but I had no idea he had so much dramatic stuff in him. His collaborator, Mr. Jones, is a gentleman of culture who has written several very pretty pieces of a light order. Conjointly they ought to turn out some clever plays in the future. They have given us a "Silver King," let them continue work by giving us a "Golden Queen."

LONDON, NOV. 24.

The Adelphi Theatre has long been the established home of melodrama, and it was quite appropriate that Charles Reade and Henry Pettitt should have selected this favorite theatre to produce their play, *Love and Money*, on Saturday last. When the play was in course of preparation the Messrs. Gattis thought that Charles Warner was to play the leading rôle; but when the latter gentleman heard the play read he declined the part. Charles is fond of impulsive young heroes and dashing lovers, and ill-natured people declared he objected to play a father with grey hair. This declination invited bother. The Gattis believed in Warner, and thought the play stood a better chance of success with him in the cast. Warner was pressed, but would not yield. Reade grew capacious, Henry Pettitt had his "little say" in his own pungent, straightforward way, the Gattis were not red-hot to possess the piece, and the affair wound up by Charles Reade hiring the theatre for a brief period, and Henry Pettitt receives his author's fee as collaborator of the work. Harry Jackson came over from Drury Lane and produced the piece in his most careful style, and a representative throng attended the first night.

Fastidious theatre-goers may fancy that scenes in which persecuted maidens let themselves down from house-tops by the aid of sheets, or are buried alive by explosions in coal-mines, are played out so far as West End audiences are concerned. They may think that the interest in superstitious children, in embezzlement, in attempted murder, and even bigamy, is exhausted, and that the criminal drama has had its day. There can be no greater mistake. *Love and Money* is strongly constructed, and its dialogue is undeniably forcible, if its force is attained at too great an expenditure of words. But it is not mainly for its construction, its writing, or delineation of character, that it will win the popularity of which it seems assured. What are liked are its incidents, crowded and striking, its situations at each successive fall of the curtain throughout a prologue and five acts, its sensations cleverly contrived and elaborately illustrated. One of these latter, which takes place in a coal-mine, would alone be able to draw all lovers of melodrama to the theatre for some time to come. True, it has not much practical bearing upon the fortunes of those who figure in it, since they come out of it without any important change in their relations one to another. But sufficient interest has been aroused in the *dramatis personæ* to give significance to

their presence in a mine, where an explosion takes place, and it is found worth while to immerse them in their glowing dungeon underground if only for the sake of arousing excitement by their rescue.—Grant that such an episode and its consequences are well managed, as they certainly are at the Adelphi; grant also that some reasonable excuse is found for their introduction they cannot then well fail to produce the effect calculated upon by the playwright, and the main object of dramatic work such as is fully achieved. No useful purpose would be served by anything like a detailed description of the elaborate plot—here devised by Messrs. Reade and Pettitt and expounded in no less than six acts. The first of these acts, which is called a prologue, sets in motion the springs of some very complicated action on the part of a couple of city clerks and a pair of fathers who, when next we meet them, are supposed to be some twelve years older than at the commencement of the play. The employment of an interval of this extent is of course a confession of weakness on the part of the dramatists; but it is difficult to see how, without this device, they could fully explain how the wicked clerk, Leonard Monkton, becomes the deadly enemy of the good clerk, Walter Clifford, how Clifford is cheated of his inheritance by his uncle, Mr. Bartley, and how an intelligent artist, named Hope, is induced to allow his daughter Mary to become Bartley's reputed child. Once fairly, though somewhat slowly, started, the piece moves on with spirit. The villain pursues those whom he has made his enemies with relentless hate, arranging for the murder of one of them in the explosion already alluded to, and bringing against the other a plausible charge of bigamy. The sufferings of Hope and his daughter, while shut up in the mine, are most graphically depicted, and is also their rescue in the course of the chief scene of the play. In delineating the attitude of a father toward a child whom he dares not claim as his own, there is attained considerable pathos of the ruler kind; and, except when humor is attempted, *Love and Money* is never dull, even in the intervals between its exciting moments. J. H. Clynds played Hope in a robust, manly fashion, and gives a far and away clearer reading of the part than the recalcitrant Warner would have afforded. Amy Roselle, who has been very ill for some weeks, made her *réentrée* as Mary Hope, and acted the part with admirable feeling, and in parts rose to a dramatic height for which I did not give her credit, as I have usually associated her brightest efforts with comedy.

The Strand Theatre, rebuilt and beautified by the Swanbough family, opened a few nights ago with J. S. Clarke as Dr. Pangloss, and a dull piece called *Frolicke*. The old comedy, *The Heir at Law*, went off briskly, the American actor gaining a warm reception. In the hands of some comedians I have seen, Pangloss is a mere pedant, greedy of gain and vulgarly ostentatious of learning. Mr. Clarke makes him something better, giving a touch of honor to his humor, and craftily qualifying his personal vanity with a sense of what is due to the dignity of letters. Of the many merits of this comedian's impersonation, not the least remarkable is the skill with which, amid all the amusing absurdities of Pangloss, he thus reveals occasional glimpses of the man's better nature. Spoken by Mr. Clarke, Pangloss' copious classical quotations are not witless displays of bookishness, but allusions as apposite as droll, proclaiming the extent and variety of his reading. There is something irresistibly funny, yet not altogether unimpressive, in the horror with which he represents all errors in spelling and pronunciation as so many shocks to his scholarly susceptibilities. The air of injured innocence with which, after somebody has committed a grave blunder in grammar, he walks out of the room as though he had endured a personal affront, is thoroughly comic. Endowed with curious flexibility of feature, no actor understands better than Mr. Clarke the capabilities of the human countenance for the exposition of comedy, and this rare knowledge he displays with an effect which calls to mind what we have read about the facial humor of Munden, whose legitimate successor he undoubtedly is: "He made his face like a bear troubled suddenly with symptoms of internal commotion—one who had eaten a bee-hive for the sake of the honey and began to have inward misgivings that there must have been bees mixed up along with it."

The afterpiece, called *Frolicke*, is based upon a Parisian piece entitled *Charlot*, by MM. Lockroy and Vanderbruck, which was adapted and performed in London many years ago. It was then in the shape of a comedietta; but in the present version it partakes of the character of an opéra, prominent features being made of ballads, duets, choruses and dances not to be found in the French play. The plot turns upon a strange midnight escapade of the Duchess de Chartres, who was Françoise Marie de Bourbon, natural daughter of Louis XIV. and wife of the celebrated Duc d'Orléans, styled during his father's lifetime Duc de Chartres. Husband and wife meet accidentally at a masked ball, and have a variety of surprising adventures, which constitute the staple of the action. What induced Mr. Clarke to play in this farrago of inconsequent time and witless talk I can't imagine. He did his best with a stupid part, went through his usual grimaces, arched his droll legs, projected his hindquarters, and employed all his well-known expedients; but the audience regarded the entire exhibition with indifference. *Frolicke* will soon disappear from the bills. H. J. Byron is announced as one of the authors; but there were very few lines in the piece to remind one of the pen that gave Cyril's Success and Blow for Blow to the stage.

I am just off to Paris to see *Le Roi S'Amuse*, which has been reproduced at the Théâtre Français after an interval of exactly half a century. It was originally produced Nov. 22, 1832. I hear that Got is splendid as Triboulet and that the famous line,

"Et que dirais tu donc si tu me voyais rire,"

brought down the house and the curtain amid a storm of bravos. Victor Hugo, President Grévy, the Princess Mathilde, and representatives of every class of Parisian society—ministers, diplomatists, legislators and literary men—crowded the theatre at the première. Stalls brought as much as £20 apiece, and M. Perrin had 8,000 applications for places for the first representation. As the house only contains 1,400 seats, there were, as you can imagine, many disappointments. In a box sat a small group of old aristocrats who had witnessed the performance fifty years ago. Victor Hugo, when he entered his *baignoir*, had an immense reception.

HOWARD PAUL.

—A man named Hamersly, whose business appears to be that of schemer, has taken away from John A. Stevens the latter's comic opera company.

Frayne's Fatal Shot.

As is well known by this time, during the fourth act of the sensational drama, Si Slocum, at the Thanksgiving matinee given at the Cincinnati Coliseum, last Thursday, Annie Von Behren, the leading actress of Frank Frayne's company, who played Ruth in that drama, was instantly killed by the star, who, in the character of Si Slocum, was performing his backward shot. A broken screw, which should have kept the barrel in position, occasioned the accident, and the bullet (intended for the dislodgment of the apple, which in the scene had been placed upon the unfortunate artist's head) was deflected from its course and sent crashing through the victim's brain.

The curtain was immediately rung down, and the large audience, numbering over two thousand people, quietly dismissed. Mr. Frayne, almost insane with grief, was at once placed under arrest, but was quickly released upon a bond furnished by Hubert Hawk in the sum of \$3,000. The jury subsequently empaneled at the Coroner's inquest on the day following, acquitted the actor, and his case was dismissed when called in the Police Court on Saturday. The same evening, accompanied by Frayne and the members of his company, the remains left Cincinnati for the home of Miss Von Behren in Williamsburg. The destination was reached Sunday night.

The body lay at the residence, No. 180 Stockton street, until Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock, when it was taken to the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, where the funeral service was held. The remains were enclosed in a black walnut casket with silver trimmings. It was lined with white satin. That material also composed the dead girl's shroud. On the lid of the casket was a plate bearing the inscription:

ANNA VON BEHREN.
Died November 30, 1882.
Aged 25 years and 2 months.

Another plate at the head was inscribed: "Blessed are they who die in the Lord." At the foot was an inverted torch of silver. A broken shaft of flowers, surmounted by a dove, the gift of Harry Miner, was placed on the coffin. The face of the deceased looked strangely life-like, the expression being peaceful. The dark hair was arranged in such a manner on the forehead as to conceal the wound above the left eye. A calla lay in one of her folded hands. Many professionals were present at the obsequies.

The poor woman's career upon the stage was brief. Six years ago she was a mantuamaker in a shop in this city, making about \$7 a week. Seeing the advertisement of Rose Watkins in the *Herald*, she called on that lady to learn if there was any chance of bettering her condition by going on the stage. Mrs. Watkins found the girl had talent and gave her instruction in dramatic business. She made her first appearance with an amateur company at a German hall down-town, playing Sam Willoughby in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*. After that she acted in *Trodden Down* and *Kathleen Mavourneen* with Mr. and Mrs. Watkins through the South, and later appeared with them in *Dick Drift* and several other plays at the National Theatre, now the Theatre Comique. She was leading lady at the theatre in which she died for one season and occupied the same post at Waldman's, Newark, for two seasons. She became leading support to Frayne last spring. Since her death it has transpired that she was to have married that actor next February. Frayne then intended leaving the stage and retiring to private life on his farm over in New Jersey.

Mr. Frayne refused to talk to the press about the tragedy until the funeral was over. He was seen on Tuesday night for *THE MIRROR*. His face bore evidence of the terrible mental suffering he has endured in the past few days.

"You are acquainted with the play of Si Slocum," said he, "and perhaps remember that the scene in Slocum's ranch in the fourth act occupied the whole stage. On Thanksgiving Day the curtain rose and the act progressed without interruption to the point where Vasquez, the villain of the drama, and his Mexicans surround Si Slocum and offer him his liberty if he can shoot an apple from the head of Ruth (Miss Von Behren). The dialogue then progressed as follows:

Slocum.—Would you have me jeopardize my wife's life to save my own? No; I will die first.
Vasquez.—Refuse and I will have you shot.
Slocum.—I refuse.
Ruth.—No; don't refuse.
Slocum.—What! Would you urge me to the venture?
Ruth.—Yes; for I have faith in your skill and Heaven's mercy.

Here Frayne was so overcome that he could say no more, and a member of his company finished the narrative:

"Vasquez crossed the stage and Slocum placed the apple on Ruth's head, speaking as he did so the line, 'Cover your face, darling, for the sight of your eyes might unnerve me.' He then loaded his rifle, adjusted the mirror used in the backward shot and stood in position. After a moment's silence the crack of the gun was heard. There was a flash at the lock of the weapon as well as at the muzzle. Miss Von Behren's knees bent under her; the apple rolled from her head; she swayed to and fro for an instant and then fell to the stage without a sound. Frank turned with a dreadful suspicion of what had happened, and seeing the form of the girl on the boards, threw down his rifle and dropped on his knees at her side, groaning, 'My God! My God! Annie, my darling, speak to me!' Then the curtain fell."

Before leaving Cincinnati Frayne gave the rifle to Lieutenant Benninger, the officer who arrested him. It is of Smith and Wesson make and carried a 38-calibre ball. "I have given my rifle away," said Frayne. "I shall never shoot again, nor play in Si Slocum."

"Is it true, as reported, that your eyesight was bad?"
"No. I gave an exhibition a short time ago before newspaper men, at the Howard Athenaeum, in Boston. The theatre was purposely darkened. I stood at the back of the

auditorium and hit the ace of spades, tacked up behind a lighted candle on the stage."
Speaking of the accident to a *MIRROR* representative yesterday, E. D. Davies, the ventriloquist, said: "I could scarcely believe it, for Frayne was such an excellent shot. I think he was the first actor to introduce fancy shooting on the stage, somewhere about 1860. I remember being in the company while he was exhibiting at the Jersey City Academy, some years ago. I placed a tack on my finger. Frayne drew a head and shot it off as neatly as though it had been brushed with a feather."

After Frayne began his exhibitions others followed in his footsteps. The Austin Brothers, now in Europe, performed dangerous feats with the rifle. Monsieur Chalet, a clever ventriloquist, also did wonders with a gun, being accustomed to shoot articles from his wife's hand or head. Buffalo Bill at one time used to shoot an apple from the head of a negro in one of his plays; but he finally gave it up and contented himself with showing fancy shots. A man named Franklin used to shoot an apple from his wife's head. About three years ago they were playing at Pawtucket, R. I., when Mrs. Franklin was taken ill. A young lady attached to the company volunteered to take her place. She did so, but at the instant of firing the rifle she moved slightly and was instantly killed.

Just after the accident Frayne said in Cincinnati he would retire from the stage. The persuasion of Manager Coleman and his company induced him to reconsider his determination. Si Slocum will be eliminated from Frayne's repertoire; but he will continue to play Mardo, opening in that play Monday night at Troy.

MR. HANS KREISSIG.
Engaged as Musical Director Jolly Bachelors Company, Season 1882-83. Address MIRROR.

OTIS SKINNER.
With Lawrence Barrett. Season 1882-83.

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California Theatre, San Francisco. From Oct. 28-8 weeks.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN STETSON. THE LIGHTS OF LONDON, THE LIGHTS OF LONDON.

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LOTTA, LOTTA, ZIP, ZIP. Reserved seats—orchestra circle and balcony—50 cents. Monday evening, Dec. 11, MUSETTE.

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Great success attending the eminent comedian, M. B. CURTIS, in his remarkable characterization, SAM'L OF POSEN, THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER, The Novel Life Picture, pronounced by the critics and endorsed by the theatrical community as one of the highly artistic and purely original characterizations created by an American artist.

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THEATRE COMIQUE.
728 and 730 Broadway. Proprietors HARRIGAN & HART. Manager JOHN E. CANNON. Edward Harrigan's new local comedy, entitled MCORLEY'S INFLATION. New and original music by Dave Braham. Matinees Tuesdays and Fridays. Prices as usual.

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14th Street. MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCES THIS WEEK. The show a grand one. Houses Crowded. Standing Room Only. COMPANY SUPERB. Composed of the best artists on the stage. Every evening and Tuesday and Friday Matinee.

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46 and 48 Broadway. This week only, appearance of MISS JOSEPHINE GALIMEYER. Mr. KNAACK and Mr. TEWELE. Every evening and Wednesday and Saturday matinee.

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Mr. A. M. PALMER, Proprietor and Manager. TWELFTH REGULAR SEASON, and first production in America of Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian's Domestic Drama, in four acts, entitled THE RANTZAU.

The scenery all painted and designed by Mr. Richard Marston, as follows: Act I.—The Schoolmaster's Cottage. Act II.—Salon in John Rantzu's house. Act III.—Square in the village of Chaumes by moonlight. Act IV.—The Bedchamber of Mme. Rantzu. EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.

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